

Prabuddha Bharata

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

WOMAN : THE IMAGE OF THE DIVINE MOTHER

A DISCIPLE : How should we look on the fair sex?

Ramakrishna : He who is face to face with reality, who is blessed with the vision of God, does not regard them with any fear. He sees them as they really are, parts of the Mother Divine of the universe. So, he does not only pay to the woman-kind honour and respect but actually worships them as a son does a mother.

Q. Why do you not lead a family life with your wife?

A. The god Kartikeya, the leader of the heavenly army, once happened to scratch a cat with his nail. On going home he saw there was the mark of a scratch on the cheek of his Mother. He asked her, 'Mother, how have you got that ugly scratch on your cheek?' The goddess Durga replied, 'Child, this is thy own handiwork,—the mark of thy own nail.' Kartikeya asked in wonder, 'Mother, how is it? I never remember to have scratched you!' The Mother replied, 'Darling, hast thou forgotten you scratched a cat this morning?' Kartikeya said, 'Yes, I did scratch a cat; but how did your

cheek get marked?' The Mother replied, 'Dear child, nothing exists in this world but myself. I am all creation. Whomsoever thou hurtest, thou hurtest me.' Kartikeya was greatly surprised at this, and determined thenceforward never to marry; for whom would he marry? Every woman was mother to him. Like Kartikeya I consider every woman as my Divine Mother.

WHEN I see chaste women of respectable families, I see in them the Mother Divine arrayed in the garb of purity; and again, when I see the public women of the city, sitting in their open verandas, arrayed in the garb of immorality and shamelessness, I see in them also the Mother Divine, sporting in a different garb.

ALL women are portions of the goddess Bhagavati and should be regarded as mothers.

WOMEN, whether born with sacred qualities or not, whether chaste or unchaste, should always be looked upon as images of the Blissful Mother Divine.

AS BY FIRE.

Sometimes I feel so passionate a yearning
 For spiritual perfection here below,
 This vigorous frame with healthful fervour burning,
 Seems my determined foe.

So actively it makes a stern resistance,
 So cruelly sometimes it wages war
 Against a wholly spiritual existence,
 Which I am striving for.

It interrupts my soul's intense devotions,
 Some hope it strangles of divinest birth,
 With a swift rush of violent emotions
 Which link me to the earth.

It is as if two mortal foes contended
 Within my bosom in a deadly strife,
 One for the loftier aims for souls intended,
 One for the earthly life.

And yet I know this very war within me,
 Which brings out all my will-power and control ;
 This very conflict at the last shall win me
 The loved and longed-for goal.

The very fire which seems sometimes so cruel
 Is the white light that shows me my own strength.
 A furnace fed by the divinest fuel
 It may become at length.

Ah ! when in the immortal ranks enlisted,
 I sometimes wonder if we shall not find
 That not by deeds, but by what we've resisted,
 Our places are assigned.

CHINA AND THE MISSIONARIES

(Condensed from the Open Court.)

ALTHOUGH political and commercial exigencies have necessitated some *modus vivendi* between the so-called Christian nations and so-called pagans, it is obvious that Christianity has in its claim to be the only divinely revealed religion a character of enmity to all non-Christian religions. This character it possesses "in itself," and it was as genuinely, however subconsciously, in the missionary besieging the pagan's soul as in the crusader slaying his body. From what were pagan souls to be saved? From their religion. The *raison d'être* of the missionary was that other religions systematically bore souls to perdition, and must be supplanted by the only saving faith—the Gospel.

Belief in the inevitable damnation of unconverted heathen carried into the mission fields able and self-sacrificing men like Cary, Heber, Judson, Morrison, Groves, and the notion lasted long enough to enlist the youthful energies of greater men, among them Francis William Newman, Dr. Legge, Dr. Livingston, and Colenso. But meanwhile the doctrine that a good man must be damned because he was a Buddhist or a Mohametan fell into disrepute. Sixty years ago the clergy began to retreat into phrases about "the uncovenanted mercies of God," and to extort our dimes and dollars by bloodcurdling fictions about mothers casting their babes to crocodiles, devotees

crushed under Juggernaut (the death-hating deity, near whom no destruction of life is possible), and especially by the immortal falsities of Heber's hymn,—the deadliest being

"They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

That the poor heathen call for our missionary and long for him instead of trembling at sight of him and see their chain in his hand, will of course remain the faith of vulgar conventicles, but among educated Christians the old foundations of proselytism have crumbled. The learned men relinquished that field: Legge to introduce Christians to Chinese sages greater than their own, Livingston to devote himself to exploration and science, Colenso and Newman to show Christendom that its religion is untrue and that it needs missionaries more than the foreign lands. The mission fields are now filled by inferior men. There is no educated Christian who believes that a man will be damned for being a Buddhist or a Confucian. The missionary Boards continue their assemblies, and go on singing Heber's fantasies, such as that about Ceylon—

"[Where] every prospect pleases
And only man is vile,"

though every instructed person knows that in any large city in Christendom more crime and immorality occur in one day than Ceylon knows in a year. (A Singhalese in Ceylon told me that it is

well-known there that Heber wrote his lines because a Moslem in Colombo sold him a large emerald that turned out to be glass.) The missionaries in Ceylon and India seem to be well aware that they cannot claim any superior moral fruits for the Christian tree, and the only argument I heard from them was the larger prosperity and progress of Christendom.

And I remark, by the way, that the Rev. William Weber (in *The Monist*, April, 1901) uses a similar argument with regard to modern Christian nations, "that they rank on the scale of progress and civilisation in exact proportion to their more or less thorough acceptance of the yoke and burden of Christ." The rationalist would say that the most thoroughly Christianised countries are the most backward, and that the progress of the leading nations has been *pari passu* with their growth in scientific materialism and skepticism, but my citation of the idea is only to note a certain gesture in contemporary Christianity. At a time when the progress and civilisation of the foremost nations are saliently represented by their exploitation of the weak, by the unrestrained murder of innocent negroes in the United States, the desolation of homes and farms in South Africa, the looting of China, their yoke and burden of Christ appears painfully like that imposed on Europe by the swords of Constantine, Theodosius, and Charlemagne.

To recur to the missionaries, their main claim, that the superior progress of Western nations results from their Christianity, is a fallacy: each Western nation is, so to say, a cord of many racial

strands, the Asiatic countries being more nearly single races. One need only contrast the greatness of pagan Greece with the insignificance of Christianised Greece to find that the finest civilisation is by no means a fruit of Christianity. In fact there has never been a real civilisation planted in any nation by a propaganda of Christianity. National prestige once involved, a flag lifted, and the one great necessity is to win; success, at whatever cost, comes to mean "progress"; all sorts of meanness, trickery, crime, inhumanity, are condoned for the sake of triumph, and the world is thus gained for a religion through the loss of its soul. Jesus, prophet of the individual heart and happiness, concerned for no kingdom but that "within," warned his friends against foreign missions, even so near as Samaria, and in trying to reform their own countrymen to withdraw from cities where they were persecuted. Their outward victories would there be inward defeats. What becomes of humility, charity, of sweetness and simplicity, amid the egotism, ambition, and other vulgar passions awakened by a competition in pushing, shoving, elbowing others to get ahead?

Dr. Denny's, in his *Folklore in China* (1876) states that the sick are supposed to be "possessed," and adds that "in those parts of China to which missionary effort has penetrated a popular belief exists in the power of Christian exorcism." Missionaries of all denominations are called on "to cast out the devil" from patients, and, says this English geographer, "it is to be feared that the confidence thus evinced turns on the popular belief that Christian relations with the Satanic hierarchy are uncommonly intimate."

The efforts of Confucius and the Confucians to eradicate these tares and inspire the masses with rational ideas and ethical principles have had some success in the past, and until the fools rushed in where angels might well fear to tread. These missionaries, counting up their "converts" have never been able to see that the mass of those who distrusted them and detested them are their completest "converts." All Chinese people read, and they read in all their dialects the Bible, and while finding the morality of little interest, as inferior to that of their own scriptures, receive with eager credulity the fresh importation of marvels guaranteed by the learned Western nations. Sorcery, witchcraft, miraculous cures, the evil eye, diabolical possessions, preternatural plagues, ghosts,—such notions, diffused and confirmed by the Bible, are taken seriously in China on the authority of the wonderfully learned Christian nations which send the book as the Word of their God.

But how profoundly more intelligent races may be influenced by scriptural and Christian propagandism has been especially shown in the history of China. The leader of the great Tai-ping revolution Hung Seutseuen, was a sort of spiritualist in his remote village, until he met an American missionary, Rev. I. J. Roberts, who gave him five tracts. Seutseuen became a "convert,"—with a vengeance! He set up a theocratic kingdom of Heaven, with himself for king, decreed a new Trinity,—God, Christ, and himself, appointing his son Junior Lord. He had visions,—was caught up into heaven like Paul. He made war on Buddhists and Confucians, captured Nanking and other

cities, treating the people with severity, and gave textual reasons therefor: that they were "idolaters," and that it was his messianic duty to exterminate them, as idolatrous people were exterminated by Jehovah. He quoted from the Old Testament a justification for every atrocity.

This "convert" of our missionary, Roberts bore the title Tien-Wang (King of Heaven), but it was England that raised his movement to such formidable dimensions. Against all the outcries and entreaties of the Chinese, England determined to force Indian opium upon them, and to that end slew thousands, burnt villages, and exacted an indemnity of 27,000,000 dollars. The British agent in this opium war was the saintly soul who wrote the favorite hymn beginning—

"In the cross of Christ I glory
Towering o'er the wrecks of time."

The maddened people of the province of Canton rose against their government for its feebleness and its treaty with wrong, and the "convert's" converts made common cause with them. England came to the assistance of China, and the Christian rebellion was finally put down by Christians in 1867. The Chinese Messiah's army was largely crushed by Gordon who afterwards fell before a Soudan Messiah, and who was a kindred soul to both.

The "powerful hypnotist" to whom Dr. Ament traces the Boxer movement is a *revenant* Seutseuen; his head is similarly a mixture of Biblical and ancient Chinese superstitions; and his followers are Christian perverts from the peace principles of Lao Tzu and Confucius. Their recent outbreak is the result of outrages similar to those of sixty years

ago. In both cases there are indications of popular panic, but the Boxer excitement especially presents signs of terror.

Dr. Ament, who has been for many years head of the American missions in China, having given an account of his lootings and extortion of indemnities and fines from many towns, all from persons unconnected with the Boxers, in redress for the slain "converts" and for the Church, and having received a storm of indignation from his countrymen here instead of the evidently expected applause for his shrewdness and his clamour for Chinese blood, is unwilling to be a scapegoat. On April 1, Dr. Ament cabled to the American Board: "Nothing has been done except after consultation with colleagues and the full approval of the United States Minister. I will secure a certificate from Mr. Conger to that effect."

We thus find, on the confession of Dr. Ament, an assemblage of missionaries, under necessity of covering the losses of their converts from either Christian or Confucian pockets constituting themselves into a foraging band and proceeding over trampled treaties to spoil helpless villagers under the American flag, given them by the United States Minister commissioned to maintain those treaties. And they also compel these helpless Confucians to add to Dr. Ament's estimates for the converts a goodly sum for the Church.

How are the American missionaries fulfilling the contract made for them by the United States in 1858, confirmed in 1868?

Dr. Ament is their chosen leader and spokesman. He is supported by his colleagues in China and by the Board of

Foreign Missions in America. We have histestimony that the Chinese are naturally tolerant. Lao Tzu, founder of Taoism, Confucius, Buddha, stand together in their temples; they have welcomed Mohamedans and Nestorians. Dr. Ament demands a further law that will place Christianity on an equal footing with Buddhism and Mohamedanism. But these religions needed no legislation for their welcome: why does Christianity need it? Is legal or armed force needed to peaceably teach the Golden Rule, according to our contract, among Confucians and Buddhists whose religion was based on it before Christianity existed? What is it that has excited the hostility of an admittedly tolerant people ("naturally liberal with their means" and "grateful," adds Dr. Ament) against Christianity, and especially it would appear against its American representatives? A few sentences from Dr. Ament may cast light on the anomaly:

"Christianity is essentially a militant religion, and in course of time will create more or less disturbance in unevangelised countries. We would not give much for Christianity if it did not do so."

"Opposition is sometimes the greatest praise which can be given to the work we are endeavoring to do. We are thankful that Christianity is not a negative force in the community, but is a positive lever which is lifting society to better things."

"Experience in China proves that seeming weakness in dealing with the Chinese only increases their spirit of distrust and their desire to continue in crime. Excessive kindness they will attribute to fear; the spirit of altruism is entirely alien to their natures."

Those of us who have known Chinese gentlemen will not after this be surprised at learning incidentally from Dr. Ament that socially he and his colleagues are below par, that he has vainly attempted to make friends with young men of his own races, that the missionaries are not liked in the legations nor by the literary men who visit China. It is shocking to think that a man so ignorant of the Chinese character as well as of the simplest principles of religious science should be a public teacher in China.

In the hands of these inferiormen with their gunpowder gospel, their ignorance and holier-than-thou obtrusiveness, Christianity loses abroad all the ethical refinements and softenings of dogma familiar in churches at home. Indeed it is said by some that the mission field is the dumping ground for preachers that can find no listeners at home. Their "militant Christianity," illustrated by stories of massacre in "God's Word," and by the gospel of salvation by blood,

illustrated still more by remembrance of the Chinese blood shed by Christians in the opium and other wars, means now to China a crusade of extermination and dismemberment. The defiant pulpit cries—"Jesus shall reign!" "The whole world must bow!" "The cross shall triumph!"—may be cant at home but abroad they are war-cries, affronts, always threatening to turn into cannon balls.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

[Moncure D. Conway is a descendant of the Washington family, a Virginian by birth and a minister by education. In 1857, he was compelled to leave Washington D. C. where he had charge of a congregation, on account of his denunciations of slavery. He then accepted a call to a Unitarian church in Cincinnati, and when the war broke out lectured gratuitously throughout the Northern states, advocating emancipation. He set a good example to his fellow-citizens by colonising his father's slaves in Ohio. In 1868, he visited England, and in 1870-71 served as a war correspondent for the *New York World*, during the Franco-German War. Having grown more and more liberal, he became the speaker of the South Place Ethical Society in London, and since resigning his position lives as a literary man, devoting himself mainly to religious and ethical topics.]

DUALITY AND UNITY

RECONCILIATION IN REALIZATION.

WHAT which is not realisable or has not been realised in the concrete is abstract and as such belongs preëminently to the province of speculative logic or reason. The determination of such an object is always shrouded in uncertainty. A presumption based upon reasons a little stronger than those advanced heretofore may upset a whole theory in this department, as in fact, mere cleverness in man pilating the grounds and

presenting the argument has done this in many cases.

It is completely different with a matter of fact. Here the evidence of consciousness is the supreme arbiter. The voice of reason has very little use and importance in this province, as the final proof always lies with the concrete fact.

In truth nothing can be held as proved until it has established itself in the consciousness as a concrete fact. Till then

it is mere hypothesis, more or less probable. But it is a very general popular practice to use these reasons of logic as reasons of fact, to take for granted things that have not been realised by the consciousness as concrete facts and base arguments upon and draw inferences and conclusions from them, as if they have been proven. The fallacy of what is *to be proved* is taken as proved, is very largely lost sight of.

We shall illustrate. It is said by men of science that as all that is wanted by the human system is in the atmosphere, it is possible that there shall be in the future a race of men who will draw their nourishment direct from the ambient medium and will be freed from the trouble of food and drink as we have it now. It is also perhaps not improbable to meet with a very few human beings who have been partially able to do this, inasmuch as they take too little ordinary nourishment to be able to keep the good health and strength as they do. Here is a theory which however plausible remains to be proved or brought into the province of concrete fact. No one will regard it sane to base any argument upon and draw any conclusion from it for any practical purpose. For instance no rational man can seriously say to himself that as human beings will not in a future age live upon gross food and drink, their physiology and anatomy are likely to undergo a change, so let me sit down and write a treatise on those subjects as they will then be; or their bodies will be too light to be affected by gravitation, and they will walk in the air; so let me draw a plan of streets and roads on space which will be convenient for their traffic. While

on the other hand all attempts at investigation and research as to how the nourishment existing in the atmosphere can be drawn upon directly by man will be regarded as perfectly sane and practical by all right-minded people.

All reasonings about concrete facts end with the citation of nature. The ultimate analysis of the why of a thing, is, it is so, *because it is so*. Fire and water are hot and liquid respectively, because they are so. It is for this reason that a concrete fact is not fully understandable till it has been realised by the consciousness. No amount of argument can make a person who has never tasted sweetness understand what it is like. The only way is to realise in the consciousness. A boy of seven can never understand the nature of the joys and sorrows of conjugal life; can never image to himself the peculiar feelings incident to it; how love makes the wife as much as the husband's self and the children more so—till he has experienced the actuality. If the boy argues that it is absurd to state that pain occurring in the body of your son, is felt by you, what should a loving parent say to him? He will keep quiet, knowing that the boy will not say so when he becomes a father himself.

We have different states of consciousness. Argument is of no avail to reconcile the facts of one state with those of another. What is most absurd in one, can be quite the matter of course in another. In dream it is quite usual for a man to fly or to cry when his head has been cut off. Are these reconcilable with the awaking experiences?

It is impossible to understand the facts of one state in another. The only way

is to go to that state and realize.

Thus it is very usual to take Brahman for granted and ask if there is the one infinite indivisible Brahman alone, what are we, where has this universe come from?

The fallacy described in the third paragraph of this paper is committed here. A man steeped in the state of duality, without proving to himself the existence of Brahman, which can only be done by realising Brahman in the consciousness as a concrete fact builds up a question of fact upon a foundation no surer than a mere intellectual supposition. What is *to be proved* in the first place is taken for granted. The right way, as could not be too clearly pointed out, is *first* to prove the existence of Brahman by realising it, to try and see if all this dual universe is really so at bottom, by climbing up the stages of being and consciousness within oneself, to *become* the ONE if possible and *be in that state* before one could account for the

emanation of duality from unity.

Here it is purely a question of a state of consciousness. How could facts peculiar to a certain state of consciousness be realized by one who has never been in it?

For one who has never realized the Brahman state it is absurd to doubt or deny anything about it as it is absurd for one who has never dreamt to deny that one cannot fly in that state.

Those that have realized Brahman say, that this dual universe is only apparently so, at bottom it is one. Of course this could not be realized so long as one is tied to one's senses and mind—so long as one is in the state of dual consciousness; It is absurd. A man in the state of awaking cannot feel the experiences of dream. But on reaching the state of non-dual consciousness, the dual universe is not perceived. Unity then fills infinity. Climb up to this stage of being and then you will know, after having realised it.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

IV

IT was about 9 o'clock in the morning when the maid-servant brought a letter from the postman to Devi in the kitchen. Recognising Suchinta's hand on the envelope, Devi quickly tore it open and read the contents.

"Where is mother?" asked Devi of the maid-servant in an excited manner, and before the latter could reply she got up from her seat near the stove and flew to her mother-in-law in the worship-room where she was performing her morning worship.

"What is the matter?" enquired her good mother-in-law anxiously, catching something very unusual in Devi's face.

"I must go home and speak to my brother about Suchinta's rescue. Here is her letter just come. She has determined to starve herself to death".

She read Suchinta's letter to her mother-in-law, which drew tears in profusion from the old lady's eyes.

"Why not speak to Dayal's mother about the letter?" sobbed out the kind-hearted old lady.

"It will be no good. It will only add to her misery", replied Devi.

"Very good, mother," said her mother-in-law, "you will go directly as Rambullubb starts for office. But how is your brother going to do it?"

Devi looked straight at her mother-in-law's eyes with a peculiar gaze—a gaze that made the old lady nervous, for it was so determined and full of fire. She moved uneasily and shifted her seat. Checking herself with difficulty Devi said: "I do not know. But we must find out some way."

"Let it not be violent," said the old lady with some uneasiness. Devi came back to the kitchen.

In about two hours Devi accompanied by the maid servant went home and found her brother just returned from his bathe with dripping *dhoti*—"Devi," exclaimed he with surprise, "this is very unusual!"

That made Devi's father and aunt come out of their rooms and echo Hurlal's exclamation.

"Yes, brother," said Devi, in a very collected and determined manner, "something very unusual has brought me to you this morning. Change your *dhoti* and come to auntie's room," after saluting all three in due order.

"I want to talk to brother in private," explained Devi to her father and aunt as they followed her. But her aunt would not let her alone before she had taken a little molasses and drunk a little water. When her brother was seated with a semi-anxious look in his eyes—for with all his degradation, he had a tender spot for Devi in his heart,—the latter quietly handed him Suchinta's letter.

"Unph", groaned Hurlal, biting his lips, "what is to be done?"

"What is to be done?" roared the lioness. "You must rescue her and bring her to me to-night. If your heart fails you, I will do

it. Look at her self-sacrifice, look at her noble heart, look what a *Puttarata Sati* (devoted and loyal wife) she is. What is the use of this wretched life if such a being cannot be saved?"

Till now Hurlal never suspected that Devi could be so desperately bold. But what was the strange significance which the word *self-sacrifice* received from her lips? What unknown chord did it strike in his bosom and put his whole being aglow? What was the fire that made Devi appear like a flame to him and suddenly arouse a consciousness in him that she was as superior to him as he was to a dog. Was it her infinite purity and goodness of heart? Was it her incomparable self-sacrifice, patience and self-control? Never did Devi appear so beautiful to him as then. He sat speechless, spell-bound as it were, gazing with intense admiration at his sister.

"Will you do it and prove that you are my brother, that you are a man, that you have not lost the nobility that characterised you as a boy—"

"Stop Devi," cried Hurlal completely roused, "you will yet see that I deserve to be your brother," and away he went, without taking his meal.

Devi told her father and aunt the object of her sudden visit to them after years—for though her father and aunt went to see her every now and then, she had not come to her father's home once during the last three years, in obedience to her husband's wish. "Brother has perhaps gone to consult with some friend about prevailing on the missionaries to let Suchinta return home," she added, by way of explanation of Hurlal's suddenly going away from home before having his breakfast.

Devi returned to her husband's home immediately after she had her meal with her aunt.

V

Suchinta touched neither food nor drink the

whole of that day. Poor Marian, tired and exhausted with pressing and coaxing Suchinta the livelong day to eat something left her alone during the evening to take a turn in the garden. Many of her friends approached her to learn about Suchinta and in return acquainted her with the gossip of the day, among which was the elopement of Amy. This was rather a welcome news to Marian, for she thought she would be able to turn it to advantage in her exertions with Suchinta. She soon came back and found Suchinta laying on the bed in the same position as she left her.

"Here," she said directly as she entered the room, "the disillusionment has at last come to your foolish husband. Amy has eloped with a lover, fearing she would be forced by her father to marry your husband. The news has not spread very much yet, and I dare say it will be kept from your husband as long as possible. So don't be obturate. Your husband will come to his senses now and learn to love you. Do eat something."

But Suchinta only looked at her and made no reply.

It was a warm evening. The moonlight was disappearing in darkness when Marian returned to Suchinta after having her supper at nine. She saw Suchinta was restless, moving uneasily in her bed. She tried at her again: "Do take something, dear. Don't foolishly torment yourself in this way. Suicide is a very great sin. Shall I leave the window open? Are you feeling hot?"

But Suchinta made no reply again. The kind-girl opened the large window over the public road, as it was an upper room, pushed aside the curtains and returned to her seat by Suchinta's bed. The fresh air seemed to revive Suchinta a little and made her still.

After a few more unsuccessful attempts in which she could not make Suchinta even speak, the good girl put out the light and went to

bed with heavy heart and soon fell asleep.

That was the sixth night of her imprisonment in the mission house and the fourth night of her starvation. For with the exception of a little water which she took on the third preceding night and a few fruits the last night when she wrote the letter to Devi, she had neither eaten nor drunk anything for four days and nights. She felt very weak and faint but her will to die of starvation was only gaining in strength as time passed on. Even the news of Amy's elopement failed to cast a ray of hope in her heart. Her mind was made up and the only motion in it was towards the lotus feet of the Mother Divine, embodying the prayer that she may be a better wife in her next incarnation.

Flazy, incoherent dreams disturbed her slumber and made her restless. She was afraid to move lest she should disturb Marian's sleep and tried to compose herself to sleep every time she awoke. Presently she dreamt that her mouth was tied up with a cloth and she was being carried away lightly in the air by a very powerful man. She woke up with a start and opened her eyes to see that what she thought was dream was but reality. Before she could wholly realise the position she was carried halfway down a scaling ladder through the open window and in another minute was taken out of the mission compound through the open gate to the public road. It was useless to struggle for freedom, for her hands and feet were fastened tight. In a few minutes more she was safely seated in a carriage which was waiting at a little distance with her two stealers sitting in her front with their faces well masked. On rolled the carriage at break-neck speed for another twenty minutes or so and when it stopped, she was lifted bodily again and carried till she was put down on the ground at the door of what she had no difficulty to recognise at once as Devi's home; though it was very dark; for

Devi stepped out of the open door, caught her firmly by the hand, and set immediately to undo the bandages of her mouth and hands while the thief that carried her undid that of the feet, which done, both the thieves disappeared, leaving Devi to drag her friend in.

Both girls fell on each other's necks and burst into tears as soon as the thieves turned their backs.

"What is this? Who are they?" asked Suchinta sobbing.

"I will tell you everything presently, come and have something to eat first," and Devi took Suchinta to the kitchen where she had some light, liquid, nourishing food ready for her.

Next she took Suchinta to an upper bedroom which was unoccupied and made her lie down on the bed she had kept ready for her, while she sat by Suchinta's side.

Devi told Suchinta about the interview she had with Hurlal during the day and said it was he and one of his friends that had rescued her.

Suchinta in her turn told Devi the whole of her experience since leaving home, concluding with the earnest hope that Devi's brother might not have done anything to hurt Marian.

Devi coaxed Suchinta to sleep, sitting up the whole night, fanning her. Before day-break however, she woke Suchinta and took her to her husband's home, which was close by, opening a back door of the house by forcing a finger through and undoing a bar. They went straight into the bedroom of Dayal's mother whom they found telling her beads sitting on the bed. With a cry the broken-hearted old lady rushed towards them and clasped Suchinta to her bosom. She heard speechless Devi's account of her daughter-in-law's rescue, bathing Devi's shoulder with a flood of tears. Devi returned home immediately, before any of her people

were up, as she did not like to let them know anything about the matter, not forgetting to request Suchinta's mother-in-law not to say anything to any body and to keep Suchinta in hiding till Devi saw her again, for the safety of her brother, as she did not know what turn things would take, not having heard from her brother the whole story of Suchinta's rescue. Dayal's mother immediately locked Suchinta up in a small room adjoining her bedroom, which was a sort of saferoom where all the valuables of the house were kept. This done she ran as fast as her legs could carry her towards the outer apartments where Dayal's father, the retired Dy. Magistrate used to sleep. Finding him washing, with a servant helping him, she asked him to come in as soon as he had finished, and when he came told him in private everything that had happened. The old Brahman's joy knew no bounds to hear that his daughter-in-law had been rescued and there was no blessing on earth or heaven too precious for him to shower on Devi's head. He admired her courage and prudence and said he would not feel sorry if he did not get Dayal back. Devi and Suchinta were more to him than Dayal and Suchinta.

(To be continued.)

WATCHMAN.

TAKING trouble is the best way of avoiding troubles. The lack of taking trouble has been the means of making trouble in many lives. Have we not seen most cheerful workmen who take great pains? And have we not often been perplexed and saddened by the lives made cheerless and painful just for lack of taking pains? One of the American novelists has said: "There's not so much difference in the troubles on this earth as there is in the folks that has to bear them." And perhaps the greatest difference in those who bear troubles is the difference between those who take their trouble first, and those who wait for it to come afterwards. It is a homeopathic remedy this, where like cures like.

—Great Thoughts.

THE STORY OF JADA BHARATA

(Concluded.)

WHILE Jada Bharata's mind was thus solely occupied with thoughts about the deer, his death drew near. In his last moments he was tormented with the thought that he was leaving it an orphan and quite unprovided for.

This last thought shaped his future life, in accordance with the well-known law of Karma. He incarnated in a deer body. But the memory of the previous birth did not forsake him, because of the psychic powers he had acquired through spiritual practices prior to his getting attached to the young deer.

He remembered that through affection for a deer he had to take the form of one. He repented his folly and resolved never again to associate with anything of the world. Leaving his mother he retired to a solitary place which was much liked by the sages for its sacred associations. There Bharata hiding himself in shrubs and bushes would quietly listen for hours to the holy talks of the sages, and then meditate on the Being of whom they lovingly spoke. His last days were thus spent in thinking of the Holiest of the Holy for whom he thus developed an intense love.

When he cast off his deer body, he was quite free from his gross *Vasanas* which brought about his next birth in a pious Brahman family. In this incarnation he remembered well the experiences of his two former births. So to save himself from the deadly influence of attachment, he feigned idiocy, while in the secret depths of his heart he kept the fire of devotion constantly burning. Bharata behaved as though he had not the faintest spark of intelligence in him, as though he were devoid of the senses of sight and hearing which gave him the name of Jada Bharata (the inert Bharata). His father dearly loved him, and duly performed all his ceremonies. After the *Parayana* ceremony was over his father thought it was his duty to teach Bharata the scriptural texts which as a Brahman the latter should recite every day. In spite of the great pains he took, Bharata's father could not succeed in making the boy commit to memory in four months' time one sacred

prayer, consisting of 24 letters only. Yet the loving parent persevered, but in vain.

While Bharata was yet a boy his father died, and he was left a burden on his unsympathetic step-brothers who not knowing his real worth disliked him for his idiocy and grudged that he should be of no use to the family. In a short time of their father's death they did not care for him even so much as for a domestic animal. His mother had died before his father, so he had no one to love and take care of him. This situation was most welcome to him; it was the very thing for which he put on the mask of the idiot.

He did not in the least care for the comforts of his body but left it to take care of itself. He exposed himself to the inclemencies of the weather, often kept long fasts, and was almost nude. Yet he was quite healthy, and cheerful. Non-resistance was the motto of his life. He had no inclinations or disinclinations. If he was put to some work, he would do it without showing any sign of discontent; if he was paid for his work he would accept the pay; if not, he would not mind. If insulted or beaten he would not retaliate. If treated kindly he would not evince any pleasure or thank his benefactor. In short, nothing could ruffle his mind which was staid fast on God. He viewed this phenomenal world with all its belongings and the part he himself played in it, as a mere dream, which would only last as long as he did not wake fully to the real life. He thus led nearly the life of a *svaam Mukta*. But the world did not understand him. When his brothers saw that he could easily be made to do some useful work they employed him to watch their fields day and night. They gave him his daily meal as wages. This employment suited him best, although he had no choice in the matter, as it enabled him to devote his entire time to meditation. He used to sit for hours in deep spiritual communion with the Self.

It happened about this time that the leader of a gang of robbers was preparing to offer an animal sacrifice to the Goddess Kali. When at

midnight the hour of the sacrifice arrived, the leader saw to his great disappointment that the black goat that had been kept for sacrifice had fled. He immediately sent his men in all directions in search of the goat. It was pitch dark and the men did not know how to find the lost animal.

But while wandering about in quest of it, they chanced to come upon the field where Jada Bharata was. They thought he would make a good substitute for the goat. From his appearance they at once knew that he was an idiot and so was incapable of any resistance. They tied him with a rope and led him to the temple with great glee. Jada Bharata offered them no opposition. The leader was delighted beyond measure when he saw that instead of a goat a human being, fat and healthy, was secured for sacrifice. Having been bathed and consecrated with due ceremonies, Jada Bharata was led before the Goddess. The leader then prayed to her to accept the offering and asked the victim to kneel. Bharata obeyed automatically and shewed no signs of fear. It appeared as if he did not understand the purpose of the ceremony which was going on. Inwardly he established a communion with the Self and prepared himself for the end. As the leader raised his sword to strike him, a stunning noise arose which shook the whole temple with a terrific din and paralyzed the hands of the leader. He looked about in dismay. When lo! there appeared before him the terrible Goddess in her most terrible shape,—her eight hands, armed with all her deadly weapons, and her very eyes darting out with wrath. The leader was about to fall at her feet, when the Goddess snatched the sword from his hand, and brandishing it furiously slew him with a single stroke and then turning upon his followers despatched them quite as summarily. This all happened in the twinkling of an eye and the Goddess disappeared. Jada Bharata witnessed all these unconcernedly. When he found he was the only one left, he quietly returned to his fields not daunted with what he had seen and not wondering at the turn events had taken.

A king named Rahuwan, who was going in a palanquin through the native village of Jada Bharata on his way to the retreat of his Guru, to whom he wished to learn Adhyatma, very stopped there for a short while. The bearers of the palanquin had to be relieved of this place. Three new men had already been impressed, a fourth was

wanting. The man who was ordered to secure the fourth bearer found Jada Bharata, a picture of perfect health sitting idle near his fields. He immediately caught hold of his hand and took him to the king. Jada Bharata was ordered to carry the palanquin with the three bearers and he cheerfully obeyed. While carrying the palanquin he kept his eyes fixed upon the path he was treading and often made short detours to avoid trampling upon worms which movements gave unpleasant jerks to the conveyance.

The king warned Jada Bharata, to be careful but when he repeated the jerks, the former got angry and upbraided him with these sarcastic words. "My dear fellow! I am sorry you are greatly fatigued having travelled such a long distance, and having borne the weight of the palanquin singly. Moreover you have a delicate health and are very lean. It seems you are suffering from the effects of old age, while your fellow bearers are stronger and healthier than yourself." This taunt had no effect on Jada Bharata, who without reply, continued the journey but walked in the same manner as before. The king could bear with this insult no longer and broke forth into a torrent of abuse. "Sirrah! Are you dead or alive. It seems you are dead though you breathe. Have you sense enough to perceive that you are showing great disrespect to your king by utter disregard to his orders? Did not I command you to desist from your strange gait? Mind that I will teach you a lesson which you will never forget in your life. That alone will bring you to your senses."

The idiot who was never known to speak calmly gave the king an answer which startled him by its depth of wisdom and penetration. Jada Bharata smiled a little and said: "O king! what you say is perfectly true. You address me as the carrier of the conveyance and yourself as the carried. Will you please say what you mean by 'you' and 'I'. If you know who the 'I' is in me, then you will admit that it is not 'I' which is carrying the conveyance. It therefore does not, as you just said, feel any fatigue. It is neither healthy nor the contrary. It is neither lean, nor old, nor affected by sickness. It is not therefore subject to pleasure or pain, happiness or misery, and does neither sleep nor eat. In the same way the Being who is your Self is neither carried nor does it feel the inconvenience of which you complain. You may ask me what then does this phenomenal world mean, with visible objects like you and

me. You and I are but a delusion caused by association of Self with matter through ignorance. It is ignorance which makes it imagine that it feels pleasure and pain, &c. You truly said I was dead though alive. Every human being like myself while not freed from ego is subject to change and is thus dying every moment though seemingly alive. You emphasised upon the relations between you and me as that of a lord to his vassal. Do you think it is permanent? Can it not be reversed by circumstances? Why do you then pride on a position which is unreal? If you understand that it is only through illusion the one real Entity reflected in various forms in this phenomenal world appears as many under various relations, master and servant, rich and poor, male and female, fat and lean, animate and inanimate, man and animal and so forth, you would not have talked of any difference existing between you and me. However as I do not attach any importance to the world, I will not say anything more. I am willing to acknowledge you as my king and carry your conveyance. But as regards your threat of teaching me a lesson and bringing me to my senses, I am past all that. Persons like me

who are deaf and dumb and idiotic to the world are impervious to persecutions. You cannot turn me from my spiritual life, and make me revert to the worldly. Even if I am an idiot in the sense you take me, I am still incorrigible by any punishment you may inflict upon me, for an idiot has no intelligence to realize the object of a punishment."

This pregnant speech opened the eyes of the king and he perceived that the person who was addressing him was a true Mahatman whom he had out of sheer folly employed as a carrier. He at once fell at his feet and not only asked forgiveness but also besought him to instruct him in the mysteries of *Adhyatma Veda* of which he seemed a master. Jada Bharata seeing that Rahugan was an earnest *sijnasî* (enquirer after truth), propounded to the king the real nature of the Self and its various sheaths, the cause of the transmigration of souls, and how one can free oneself from them and obtain emancipation. This discourse is too long to be reproduced here and we therefore conclude this sketch, referring the enquiring reader to chapters 10-13 of the 5th Skandha of Srimad Bhagvat.

RECLUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE

TWO PRIZES

To the Editor, Prabuddha Bharata.
Sir,

I request the favour of your kindly publishing the following communication in your widely circulated journal.

The question of caste is much exercising the minds of the educated public all over India at present, and it may be interesting to ascertain the trend of public opinion on the subject. I therefore offer two prizes of Rs. 100 each for the two best essays on Caste, one for and another against, it. The essays may be written in English or Bengali. They should treat the subject from various standpoints, such as social, moral, religious, political, physical, economical, &c. They are also expected to defend or attack it by the authority of the Hindu scriptures, from the Vedas down to the Puranas. Writers in support

of Caste, should they think that Caste as it now obtains in the Hindu society cannot be supported *in toto*, are expected to indicate the lines on which it can be remodelled and the ways and means that can be adopted for the purpose. Writers who are against Caste should similarly indicate as to how the Hindu society may get on without it; without at the same time renouncing the national religion; they should also show that Hinduism without Caste will involve no anomaly. Approved essays or their translations will be published in the Hindu Patrika and Brahmacharin, the former a Bengali and the latter an English monthly magazine published from Jeddore. Intending competitors are requested to send in their essays to the undersigned on or before the 31st December, 1901.

No reward, however, shall be awarded unless the best essays are declared by the judges, who will be appointed to examine the essays and whose names will be announced hereafter, as worthy of the

prizes offered.

Jadunath Mozumdar, M. A., B. L.,
Editor, Hindu Patrika & Brahmapurani,
Jessore, Bengal.

NEWS AND NOTES

BEES are said to suck over 3,000,000 flowers to gather 1 lb. of honey.

THE total cost of the British expedition to China amounts to £4,350,000 sterling, exclusive of the Naval expenditure.

IN the last competitive examination of the Indian Medical Service, 27 candidates have been successful of whom only one Mr. S. M. Bose, is a native of India.

MALTA fever was quite unknown in India a few years ago but six cases have occurred in Simla during the present season. In the latest instance a child of four has been attacked.

A SLIGHT shock of earthquake was felt here at about 12-23 noon, Wednesday, the 4th instant. The rumbling sound which preceded it seemed to travel from a southerly direction towards the north.

THE marigold is a little weather prophet. If the day is going to be fine the flower opens about five or six o'clock in the morning; but if wet weather is in store the marigold does not open at all.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has handed the Treasury £5,000 for the stamps neces-

sary to make his deed of gift to the Scottish Universities a legal document. This is the largest amount ever paid as stamp duty.

MINIATURE Bibles are worn as watch-charms in Russia. They are each one inch long, threefourths of an inch wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick, and contain the first five books of the Old Testament. The text is in Hebrew, and can be read with the aid of a magnifying glass.

THERE is a proposal to hold the 1902 Session of the Indian National Congress in London. Dr. Sarat Mullick, the well known Bengali physician, now in charge of the National Hospital, Soho Square, London, comes out to urge this proposal at the Calcutta meeting of the Congress next cold weather.

THE Educational Conference at Simla, according to the latest information is to consist only of Vice-Chancellors and Directors of Public Instruction. Dr. Miller is, we believe, the only non-official on the Conference, but he is a university official. The general public are wholly unrepresented; not a single native is a member.

WE are glad to learn that, during the last month Mr. Babu Lal, a Vaishya of Agra, left for Japan to study mechanics. He has been sent by the Vaishya Maha Sabha. Two Punjabi students are returning in the next month. We are also glad to learn that Mr. Chatterji, of Calcutta, who had learnt pencil making in Japan, has found a partner in the Punjab and we hope soon to have a Pencil Factory in working order.

ON Monday, 26 August last, Sir Vikar-ul-umra was relieved of the ministerial folio of the Hyderabad State; the choice of His Highness the Nizam for the successor has fallen on Maharaja Kishen Prasad Bahadur, Peshkar and War Minister. The Maharaja is grandson of the celebrated Minister of Hyderabad, Raja Chandu Lal; is a young man of the age of the Nizam, of highly cultivated tastes and sound education.

A REMARKABLE fact is that only two members of Mr. McKinley's present cabinet received a University education. No one inherited wealth. The Secretary of the Treasury began life as a bank clerk, the Secretary of War as a schoolmaster, the Postmaster-General as a compositor, the Secretary of the Navy as a "chore-boy" on a farm, the Secretary of Agriculture as a ploughman, and the Secretary of the Interior as a salesman.

RUSSIA has designed and constructed a gigantic ice breaker, the *Yermak*, to fight the ice around the North Pole. She left on her voyage some weeks ago and have already reached the neighbourhood of Nova Zembla. Another expedition,

with better equipment, is in course of preparation. Dr. Nansen and the Duke of Abruzzi, two intrepid and experienced explorers, have together undertaken to start on a fresh voyage of discovery towards the North Pole.

AMONG the wills recently proved is that of Miss Eliza Warrington, of the Belvedere, Malvern Wells. Her fortune amounted to £82,034. The first thousand pounds she disposed of thus:—"One thousand pounds to the Lord Mayor of London on trust to pay the same into the Indian Famine Fund and if there shall be no such fund in existence at her decease, then on trust to be held and invested by the Lord Mayor and his successors until another Indian Famine Fund shall be opened, and thereupon such grant and its accumulations shall be paid to such fund."

THE Bombay Legislative Council has passed the Land Revenue Bill. The *Mahratta* says that the proceedings of the second reading of the Bill lasted for two sittings of five hours each. Most of the elected members spoke on the Bill and all of them voted against it. The proposal for a second reading of the Bill, made by the Hon. Mr. Monteath, was met by an amendment by the Hon. Mr. Mehta who suggested that the Bill should be referred back to the Executive and Judicial Officers of Government, the High Court Judges and public bodies who may be asked to give their opinions within six months, and then to the Select Committee who should make a fresh report on the Bill within two months from a reference to them. The speeches on the amend-

ment, which included speeches by some of the principal exponents of Government opinion, were directly and essentially a criticism of the merits of the Bill. And when, after a debate of nearly 11 hours the votes were taken, it was found that thirteen members voted against the amendment and nine voted for it. These nine were Messrs Mehta, Ibrahim Rahim-tulla, Parekh, Khare, Moses, Gokhale, Sri Bhalchandra Krishna and the Chief of Ichalkaraiji and Mir of Talpur. When the result of the poll was declared Messrs Mehta, Gokhale, Parekh, Khare and Sir Bhalchandra respectfully retired from the hall with the President's permission, as the principle of the Bill being passed by a majority they did not like to take any part in the further proceedings.

THERE were 24 outdoor, and 6 indoor patients in the Kankhal Sevashrama during August. Of the former, 12 were Sadhus and the rest, others. Of the latter (all Sadhus), one was an outdoor patient for a time, but as he did not get better, he was admitted to the Ashrama, and cured; four are still under treatment and the other cured. Of the outdoor patients 5 left before complete cure, 4 are still under treatment and the rest were cured.

Expenditure in August.

		R.	A.	P.
Food	...	9	8	0
House rent	...	3	0	0
Establishment	...	3	10	0
Bedding	...	1	6	6
Postage	...	0	6	0
Sundries	...	0	2	9
				—
Total	...	18	14	3

DR. STEIN, of the Indian Education Department, has arrived in England from Chinese Turkestan, where he has made many valuable archaeological finds, dating back 1800 or 1900 years, of ancient manuscripts in Sanskrit, Chinese, and an unknown language of Indian extraction. Buddhist pictures, and numerous stucco sculptures of undoubtedly Indian style are amongst the interesting collection. The discoveries, which were made in the region of Khotan, for the most part, give striking confirmation of the old tradition that the Khotan territory had been conquered and colonised by immigrants from the North-Western Punjab. It is probable that the greater portion of the collection will find its way to the British Museum, where Dr. Stein is at present engaged in the work of arranging them, while the remainder will go to the museums at Calcutta and Lahore.

SWAMI ABHEDANANDA, who arrived here on Monday from New York, was the guest of honor at a reception given last evening at the residence of Dr. M. H. Logan.

The Swami is a dignified intellectual-looking East Indian. He is dark-haired, eyes and complexion suggesting a handsomely chiseled piece of bronze. He speaks English fluently, and his thoughts, as he gives them utterance, are so framed as to form an axiom. Sentence after sentence being epigrammatic. "Everything comes in time; exercise patience," was the philosophical way he replied last evening to an apologetical request to submit to a somewhat trying Occidental custom. The Vedanta Society was well represented at the reception, and in its members the

Swami had eager Western disciples, willing to cherish every thought out of India which fell from his lips.

The Vedanta Society was organized here about a year ago by Swami Vivekananda. Then came Swami Turiyananda, who gave some lectures and lessons, and then established the retreat at Mount Hamilton, the Shanti Ashrama Retreat, where the disciples of the Swamis go regularly for rest and study.

Dr. Logan's home last evening was bright with flowers, especially the supper-room on the lower floor, which, under regular circumstances, is used for the Thursday evening assemblies of the Vedanta Society. Here, before the dinner, Dr. Logan formally welcomed the Swami to the city, and the East Indian responded.

The reception committee, which arranged the pleasant evening, consisted of Dr. Logan, president of the Vedanta Society; C. E. Peterson, vice president; A. S. Wollberg, secretary; Mrs. A. S. Wollberg, Mrs. C. E. Peterson and Mrs. Plum of Oakland. Assisting the committee were Miss Beckham, Mrs. F. Hood and Miss Lutz.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, August 1, 1901.

EDUCATION addresses itself to the moral faculties; instruction to the intellectual. The first develops in man the knowledge of his duties; the second gives him the capacity of achieving them. Without instruction, education would be too often inefficient; without education, instruction is a lever deprived of its fulcrum.

—Mazzini.

We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance; and the plain duty

of each of us is to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be possessed of only two beliefs: The first that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent that is practically unlimited; the second that our volition counts for something in the course of events.—*Huxley*.

THAT which others do for us but encourages our own weakness. Neither spiritual, mental nor physical strength can be ours by the exertions that others make. Enduring happiness comes from earning our possessions; it cannot come by gift. All life evolves from within the entity. Gifts from the outside can, after all, only be dead things, like clothes, money and other property. The "Kingdom of Heaven within you" can only come by self-growth.—*L. A. Mallory*.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Do not look for wrong and evil
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness; look for gladness;
You will meet them all the while.
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass you meet a smile.

—*Alice Cary*.

As progress is made in spiritual unfoldment, certain changes in the moral state and character will certainly follow. Selfishness stands prominent in the dark background of the life of the undeveloped soul, but as the true light shines forth upon the darkness, and the soul awakens

to a consciousness of better things, and the heart throbbs with a new energy, and the growing life pulsates through the whole being, the chilly frosts of selfishness begin to melt away.—*J. H. Lucas.*

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HOW WE LEARN.

Great truths are greatly won ; nor found by chance,

Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream ;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine ;

Not in the merchandise of gold and gems ;

Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth ;

Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours

Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,

Truth springs, like harvest from the well-ploughed field,

And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

—*Herald of the Golden Age.*

THE most radical and far-reaching disclosure of the evolutionary philosophy is that of the unity of Law and Life and Truth. It is the revelation and convincing proof that there is not a dualism in the universe—that there is not two verities, one of the Divine and one of the human; that there are not two moralities, the one of heaven, the other of earth—but that all law is one, all life is one, all Truth is one. It is almost bewildering to think of the effect of such a revelation upon all our thinking. It has already been the solvent of many ancient superstitions; and it will be the solvent of many more.—*Rev. Wm. T. Brown.*

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The New World is also a world of new ideas and faiths. The number of the 'doctrines' and 'systems' that crop up in it every year, is like that of its period-

ical publications, legion. 'Koreshanity' is one curious instance. It was founded, in 1870 by 'Koresh' (Dr. Cyrus R. Teed), in Chicago. It teaches among other things, Cellular Cosmogony, Alchemy, Theology, Immortality in the flesh, Psychology, Communism and Socialism. "The earth is a stationary concave cell, about 8000 miles in diameter, with people, sun, moon, planets and stars in the inside, the whole constituting the only physical universe in existence. It is an alchemico-organic structure, a gigantic electro-magnetic battery. The universe is eternal. We INhabit the earth". "Chemistry is false, alchemy is true". "Matter is destructible". "God is blune, with a trinity of specific attributes." "The divine seed was sown 1900 years ago, the first fruit is another Messianic personality. The Messiah is now in the world, declaring the scientific gospel". "Reincarnation and resurrection are identical." "Spiritual domain is mental, and is in the natural humanity,—not in the sky." "God is the highest product of the universe, the apex of humanity. Absorption into Nirvana is entrance into eternal life—in the interior spheres of humanity". "Koresh was the first in modern times to announce the possibility of overcoming death in the natural world, in the flesh." "The central order of the Koreshan Unity is celibate and communistic". "There is no conflict between Bible and genuine science". "The true form of government is the divine imperialism of church and state". Victoria Gratiæ is the pre-eminent of the Koreshan Unity and the Flaming Sword (\$1, a year, 315-317 Englewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.) is its weekly organ.